UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1911. NUMBER 21.

The Rev. E. A. Rumball, pastor of the Unitarian Church of Rochester, N. Y., has already made his place among that growing line of young ministers in all denominations, who are striving to render the gospel of life in terms of civic righteousness, municipal progress, and neighborhood good-will. We are glad to announce the following series on "Civic Idealism," which will be published from time to time in these columns during the summer vacation. If our readers are loath to go to church we will do what we can to carry the church to them, and we feel sure that Mr. Rumball will come to a second hearing in the pages of UNITY. Many will carry his words with them under the trees and will read and reflect, feel and be moved to noble action. Mr. Rumball takes as a motto for the four sermons the following couplet which is followed by the topics given below:

"For each age is a dream that is dying
Or one that is coming to birth."

The Relation of Religion to Civic Idealism.
The City Sensible as a Beautiful Dream.
The City Beautiful as a Practical Plan.
The Ethics of Civic Idealism.

William E. Curtis, the versatile correspondent of the *Chicago Record-Herald,* has found a way of going by trolley from Indiana to Maine and he has been indulging in this method of travel through scenic New England. He compares the ride favorably to the aristocratic automobile method. Nickels avail here more than dollars do there. The companionship is broader and higher and the possibilities of viewing the landscape greatly enhanced.

The newspapers announce that although a setting hen had been driven off the nest by the intense heat down in Indiana, nature continued the process and after two weeks the unmothered chickens cracked their shells and opened their eyes on a world which the mother hen, and doubtless the foster-grandmother in the person of the farmer's wife, considered almost intolerable. What place does this procedure have in the philosophy of life that befits these little chickens? We offer this note as an undeveloped text for our clerical readers to brood upon. Perhaps they may find an after-vacation sermon in this cosmic substitution of an inadequate hen providence.

It is too early to anticipate at this distance the out-coin-current on the Pacific Coast in these days Francisco, but it is interesting to note that the words "insurgents," "stalwarts," "progressives," "stand-patters," "conservatives," "Old Guard," etc., etc., are coin-current on the Pacific Coast in these days among the school teachers of the United States. It is worthy of further note that a woman, a woman from Chicago, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, is confessedly the leader of the "Insurgents," and those who glory in the word "Progressive" are rallying around her banner. Who will interpret for us the signs of the times?

The extreme heat that has invested the whole country as with a blanket ought to be turned into civic advantage. Chicago, with nearly twenty miles of a beach upon which break the refreshing waves of a great inland sea, is fighting a desperate and as yet an inefficient battle for the privilege of washing the feet of its citizens in this great refreshing basin. Little children are not permitted to wade in the surf of Lake Michigan. Boys and girls are prohibited the cooling comfort of a swim because perchance of certain "Riparian rights" claimed by private citizens and certain combinations of such, called corporations. There is something ghastly in this. The title deeds justified by human enactments are not co-terminous with those that rest in the nature of things and are justified by the equities of the Eternal.

An Episcopal Rector in Chicago on a recent Sunday, finding his pews deserted, advertised a "moonlight open-air service;" and standing on the church steps outside church walls, with the words of the hymns thrown by a stereopticon on a canvas back of the speaker, he found a large assembly ready to listen and join in the service. The pastors of the so-called "down-town churches" in Madison, Wisconsin, including the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Unitarian and others, are joining in a twilight ser-

vice in the Capitol Park. Although the welcome rain on the 9th instant threatened to interfere with the plan, the clouds broke only a short time before the announced hour. Still, several hundred people came and joined in the song service and listened to an address delivered by the Senior Editor of UNITY. Why not multiply these out-of-doors services, thereby escaping not only the burdensome heat and the burdened air, but also escaping the trammels of creed and at the same time winning the fresher fellowship as well as the fresher air.

The Ethics of Courtesy

The announcement that incorporation papers have been applied for in New York by the "Non-smokers' Protective League of America," has of course given the newspaper world a suggestive topic for comment and the victims of the pipe and the complacent residents in convention land, an occasion for witticisms.

It is easy to laugh such a movement as this out of countenance for the time being and still easier to dispose of it as absurd ideality or even unwonted and unwarranted encroachment upon individual rights, and, in America, upon that much-vaunted realm of "personal liberty." The name of the Senior Editor of UNITY appearing in the list of initial membership, he has been the recipient of some interesting comments, protests and appreciations.

Perhaps the two following may serve as types. The first is from a gentleman who, while giving his name, refrains from giving his address. Probably this recognition of his communication may never reach him, but we give him the benefit of a wider publicity than he sought. Perhaps if he were better acquainted with the "Pastor" in question, he would not have been so sure of the criminal "silence" he speaks of. Perhaps, also, waiving the question of courtesy, it may occur to him on further deliberation that the "They all do it and you are another," is but a bully's bludgeon and not an argument. It may knock out an opponent but it does not answer him. The classic retort of the courteous Greek is here in order, "Strike! but hear me!" But here is this valiant brother's thrust at one who allowed his name to appear as a member of the "Non-smokers' Protective League of America" alongside of the names of such men as Dr. Wiley of the Pure Food Commission, President David Starr Jordan of the Leland-Stanford University, Professor Burt G. Wilder of Cornell University, and Professor Winfield Hall of the Northwestern University.

"Pastor: Instead of invading the rights of citizens why not protect their morals? I hate church hypocrites like you, who are silent as to revealing the names in the Vice Commission who rent to prostitutes. There are too many churchmen implicated. Smoking is not hurtful."

The same mail that brought us the above belligerent note from a Chicago man, brought us the following from a Chicago woman:

"Dear Sir: I see by the Chicago paper that you are one of a party who are attempting to restrict the smokers and I feel I must send you my thanks. If you do no more than prohibit men from smoking in restaurants, your efforts have not been in vain. Is it not an outrage that a woman cannot eat in a restaurant or hotel, no matter how high class it is, without having smoke puffed all about her? And let me say a word for the motormen on our cars. I have heard them complain of having to breathe that smoky air all their working hours. Let us hope the men will be awakened to their extreme selfishness in this matter.

"I am sure all the women appreciate your efforts to right this wrong and we thank you."

There are many rules and requirements in the realm of etiquette that are purely conventional. Some of them are silly, many of them tyrannical and cruel, but at the bottom, the court requirements, courtesy requirements, are rooted in ethical law, they indicate organized morality, ethics crystallized into habit. Good manners represent minor morals, they are the "jots" and "tittles" of the religious life which cannot be neglected with impunity. Rudeness in company and indifference to the wishes and comforts of any companion represent the vanishing end of brigandage and highway robbery, or, perchance the fountain head of that stream that grows into the high-handed prostitution of public trusts to private ends by officials who win their position through intrigue, graft, and a wide subordination of public weal to private ends.

Manners are minor morals and in the realms of ethics there are no minor morals. Waiving for the time the physical argument concerning the harmfulness of nicotine in the human body, though the condemnation of tobacco in any form is almost unanimous by the men of science; waiving again the question of economics, though the statistics of the tobacco trade, the amount of human energy invested in the business, the acreage of fertile lands devoted to the culture of the nasty weed, the personal costliness of the smoking and chewing habit to young men in college, to working men, to men in the early years of business, in the struggles of home-making, are simply appalling when critically studied.

Waiving again the question of cleanliness, the filthiness of the habit, and the effect of filth on character, we fall back on the simple demands of courtesy, based on others' personal rights. The brutal indifference of the smoker and his perpetual defiance to the comfort of many of his fellows, brands the public smoker—we mean the man who persists in polluting the air of street and railroad cars, restaurants,

and other public places, where the unperverted nostrils and the normal lungs are assailed continuously by the incivilities, the impoliteness of the man who otherwise affects the refinements of polite society, are violations of the courtesies of civilization.

Recently an important branch of a Chicago suburban railroad aroused popular indignation, organized protest, almost mob violence on the part of the citizens of a fashionable suburb, one which boasts of the number and quality of its churches, libraries, lyceums and clubs, because the privileges of a smoking car were eliminated. We believe that the Oak Park branch of the Elevated System of Chicago has won out, that the gentlemen have been forced to respect the rights of the traveling public, and that they forego their cigars on that road, while those accustomed to the street car service of New York and Boston and other eastern cities, according to our information, are surprised to find that the nastiness of a smoking car is still maintained on all the other elevated lines of Chicago. Where there is a train of but two cars one of them is devoted to the smokers no matter how crowded the conditions and no matter how small a percentage of the whole traveling public indulge in the incivilities of a cigar, where the rights of others and the incivilities to women are involved. In the parlor car service of the railroads everywhere, the smoker alone is entitled to two seats for one fare. He claims and holds for one fare the chair which is occupied only by his grip, while he himself occupies for hours a second seat in the smoking end of the car.

"I hope smoking is not offensive to you," said a smoking parson to a venerable clerical guest. "I must confess, my brother, tobacco smoke is very offensive to me," was the reply, and the younger smoking brother told the story as an illustration of a lack of courtesy on the part of the venerable guest. "This he told me in my own house," and the host in this case would have been surprised and his parishioners would have been indignant, had he been suspected of wanting in politeness.

The question of culture here strikes its roots into the heart of morals. "Personal liberty!" Your personal liberty, sir, ends where my rights begin.

The widespread growth of the smoking habit in college circles, the rise of the "smoker" among professional men, the alleged invasion of the cigarette habit among ladies (?) is a sign of disintegrating politeness, a reversion to barbaric disregard of another's comfort, a revival of the old incivilities of baronial vulgarities. A recent glimpse into the well-ordered interior of a college fraternity house revealed the comfortable, not to say elegant furnishings, such as would make student life not only attractive but sumptuous. The boys were there hard at work at their tasks, deep in their communings with Greek, German, French or other masters of thought. But each one that happened to be in sight, four or more of the "Frat boys" were tugging away at a pipe, which, though shaped out of the foam of the sea, a most delicately tinted meerschaum, was a vulgar accompaniment, polluting the air, making unattractive and inhospitable the halls of this home for students.

Dr. Wiley, who has done so much in the interests of pure food and pure drinking in this country, has recently said: "There should be a law, strictly enforced by the authorities, prohibiting smoking and chewing in public places or on cars where other persons are obliged to be." Concerning the "Non-smokers' Protective League," he says: "Neither I nor my compatriots say a man shall not smoke his lungs to a frazzle and spit his head off, provided he does it at home or in the woods and meadows, but not where human beings are liable to be. It is not fair."

What if the facts of life should justify the logic of the situation and that minor morals should prove to be the only way to arrive at the major ethics, that the politeness that rejects the cigar in public places is just the exercise that will develop the conscience to spurn boodle and condemn the boodler? A recognition of these sweet amenities of life may be the shortest road to the solution of the problem of child labor, of the over-worked woman, the prostitution of sex, and the offering to unholy purposes the properties owned by the "unco guid" alluded to by our male correspondent quoted above.

Perhaps the arousing of the public conscience in the interests of every man's and woman's rights to pure air for breathing purposes may be the most effective way of establishing every man's right to a chance to earn an honest living, his claim to his portion of the streams' energy, the mines' wealth, the forests' glory, as well as the intangible inheritance of love and learning that is his birthright, his heritage from a far back and wide-reaching ancestry. Our friend, Edwin D. Mead, often quotes in these columns the saying attributed to Sir Philip Sidney: "Whenever you hear of a good war go to it." If there is to be a war against smoking in public places we are going to it, and we invite the readers of UNITY to join us in this crusade against the incivilities of the modern smoker, the injustice which the devotees of the cigar, the pipe and the quid, visit upon women and children and a large number, would we might say an increasing number of men who, in their manliness, by virtue of their intelligence, their refinement, refuse to vitiate the air which others must breathe.

Who will join with us in the "Non-smokers' Protective League of America?"

THE PULPIT

Remember

SERMON PREACHED AT THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, BY REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

"All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn to the Lord."—Psalm XXII:27.

Grant but memory to us, and we can lose nothing by death. Whereas if memory be taken from us there is not much that is worth keeping in this world or the next. With memory we piece together the facts of life, we gain a feeling of continuity, of each life forming in some sort a whole. What life, lingered over by memory, does not present itself as having a kind of sacred pathos, a dim and broken beauty like sunlight rippling on a stream?

It is memory that keeps the personality intact, and makes the beginning of life in some way fit its course and its ending, so that a man sitting before a lonely fire in a far off land sees himself the same person who grew up in a certain home, rich in kindred and in friends, and though all these have sped, they are treasured; held fast here in the distance by the one gazing into the flames. Otherwise life would be what Herbert Spencer described it—a series of successive and separate states of consciousness having no necessary connection one with the other. But memory strings those fleeting pictures together on a thread, giving unity to our else incoherent life, so that the earliest scenes are the most vivid at the end.

Yet there are those who speak of memory as though it were a menial faculty, employed to answer the bell and fetch and carry. They complain at it that it is imperfect, defective, and at times very naughty. But that is to confuse memory with recollection. It is true that we do not recollect everything, but as a fact we do not really forget anything. Often when we think we have forgotten, one suggestion and another quickens thought, resurrects bygone days, and it comes back, bringing with it troops of images. How wonderful is this power which keeps a record of all that we do and say and think. Not as we would like to represent it to others, but as it actually and unchangeably has been. At the last balancing of things, which are manifestly not balanced here, all that will be needed to convict us will be the tender, terrible words, "Son, remember!" What a paradox that some day this, the menial faculty, will ascend to the throne and pass sentence upon us.

There is also a great world-memory which too many of us forget. Nature, by the very make of things, records all her doings, and forgets nothing. Our pet cat curls round and round when he lies down, which is an unconscious memory of the time when his ancestors made their beds in tall grass. Birds go on long journeys led by what we call instinct, which is a kind of bodily memory. We ourselves do many things in the course of a day, when our thoughts are far away—do them accurately and in proper order. Our muscles remember what they have been taught. If Nature seems careless of names and dates, she preserves the fact, and nothing is ever lost or forgotten. If we disobey one of her laws she never fails to remind us of it, however anxious we are to forget it.

By the same token the soul has its memories, often dim and strange, as if it were haunted by an unknown past. How exquisite are the lines of Elizabeth Browning when she tells us she had not "so far left the coasts of life as not to hear that murmur of the outer infinite which babies smile at in their sleep, when wondered at for smiling." So Wordsworth thought, and not without reason, that the soul, our life-star, had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar. It comes not in entire forgetfulness, but with trailing memories of God who sent it forth, and surely it cannot utterly forget him. If all this seems fanciful, it may none the less be fact, for who knows the ways of the spirit? What is it that stirs within us when great music sets us dreaming? Music seems to know the path whence we came, and what it tells us wears an aspect of reminiscence. When we discover a truth our joy is mingled with a feeling that it is somehow old and familiar, as if we had somewhere known it before.

Since the days of Plato great thinkers have been pondering over the meaning of these high memories which haunt the soul. Plato himself, when at the end of tether, was wont to speak in parables; but he was very close to the truth when he saw that religion itself is, in its essence, a memory. Of all those who have dropped a plummet into the depths of memory, surely St. Augustine went fathoms deeper than any one else. The tenth book of his "Confessions" fills one with amazement. If he seems to recant his early vision later, so far at least as it committed him to Plato's doctrine of reminiscence, his insight is still true and sure. Listen to his words:

"When I wished to find the root of my knowledge of God I came to the great courts of memory. There was the foundation of the light of all other knowledge, and there were the unnumbered treasures displayed of every kind, and there I met again all I have discovered by the senses; there came the heavens most richly peopled, there came the earth, the sea, and all that in them is; there I met the unutterable past, and last and greatest of all I met myself, and all that I have been and done, when and where and how I was and did it, and that is the beginning and the ending of my knowledge of God."

Not otherwise could he account for the idea of God in the mind of man, since he belongs to that tissue-like realm whereof no nerve reports. He saw that it is a clinging memory, like Christianity itself, which he said "existed among the ancients, and, in fact, was with the human race from the beginning." So that when Jesus came, full of grace and truth, his appeal was to those eternal memories of heaven which men had been trying, in their many forms of faith, to recall. When he spoke on the mountain-side and by the sea, it seemed to the men who heard him, as it seems to us this day, that their own souls spoke to them, reminding them of things which they did not recollect, but which somehow seemed familiar. If our hearts leap at the words of Jesus—which unlock in us chambers accessible to no other speech—it is partly because they echo the voices that whispered about us and within us when life was in its morning. There is an awful element of reminiscence in revelation, of which we have not taken due account.

How appealing, in this setting, are those words of the wise man, bidding us "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth!" In youth, when God is near, when memories of heaven light up the face with

an idealism not of earth, and while the memories which will be the most vivid in old age are in the making. Happy is the man who remembered God when he was a boy, whose tender soul was touched and bowed by the Divine presence as the waving grain is swayed by the invisible wind, and who has not forgotten him. Of all ideas put forth as wise the most silly is that which suggests that a boy must sow wild oats in order to be a strong man, as though one had to take poison into the blood to know the glow of health. He who keeps his memory of God undimmed and undefiled is of those with whom the melodies abide of the everlasting chime, who carry music in their hearts through dusty lane and wrangling street.

Memories such as these save us in hours of peril. No one can forget the scene in "Jane Eyre" when Rochester is pleading with her to go away with him to the south of France and live with him as his wife. Legally they could not be man and wife, because of the poor insane creature in the attic of Thornfield Hall, but they loved each other, and to Jane, who all her life had dreamed of such a love, the appeal was almost irresistible. Her very soul fluttered under its spell like a flower in the storm, but the memory of what she had been taught as a little girl saved her in that awful hour. She said at last:

"Laws and principles are not for the times when there is no temptation; they are for such moments as this, when body and soul rise in mutiny against their rigor; stringent are they; inviolate they shall be. If at my individual convenience I might break them, what would be their worth? They have a worth—so I have always believed; and if I cannot believe it now, it is because I am insane; with my veins running fire, and my heart beating faster than I can count its throbs. Preconceived opinions, foregone determinations, are all I have left at this hour to stand by: here I plant my foot."

Even so it was memory that brought the prodigal son to himself, and sent him back to his home. Faust was saved in an hour of passion by the sound of sweet-toned Easter bells, evoking memories of stainless days. The memory of Bible texts learned when he was a boy changed John Newton from a slave-driver to a hymn-writer. When Judah Benjamin—like the hero of "Somehow Good"—lost his memory, and went to consult an expert in such maladies, the first question asked him was, "What have you always preferred in life?" and by this clue he found his lost memory. The memory, it is true, will not be ruled as to what it shall bind and what it shall loose, but we have some power of selection, and the exercise of it means much in the making of a life. There is the memory retentive of unhappy things which beset Thackeray, and there is the ungrateful if not malicious memory which remembers the bad and apparently forgets the good; but there is also the habit, made up of memories, which records the hours of sunlight. Our preferences in life decide our memories, and he who prefers the good will remember it.

Even those who have been taken captive by evil are haunted, at times, by memories of the good, and by appealing to memory they are often reclaimed. There is a story—a true story—in the history of Tennessee, of an Indian band who raided a settlement, and after murdering nearly everybody, they snatched some little boys and made away into the forest. Two or three mothers were left, and they kept ever in mind the pictures of their little ones. Years passed, and in a skirmish with the Indians some of their warriors were taken prisoners. Among the prisoners were some men with faces almost white, and the three mothers thought that their little boys might be among them. So they walked along the line, peering into those wild faces looking for some trace of family likeness, some feature that would identify their lost boys, but they found none. An old man said, "Is there not some melody you could sing as you go up and down the line?" One dear old mother, her eyes streaming with tears, went slowly along the line singing the crooning melody she used to sing to her little boy. The spirit of other days came back and the song sobbed its way through her heart. All at once a great stalwart man, that the forest had not utterly swallowed up, broke from the line and came cautiously toward her. They looked at each other for an instant, she still singing, and the great savage man fell upon her shoulder and cried for joy.

It was the power of memory—deep calling unto deep, dim dead days coming back on the wings of a lullaby, changing a savage into a little child. As we sit here, with the din of the world hushed, there is a murmuring undertone of the immeasurable past whispering about our hearts. The great world-memory is upon us; it echoes in the words we read, in the songs we sing, in the prayers that ascend from our altar. Though we may not be able to accept the thought-forms of other days, it is at our peril that we cast aside the faith in which our fathers and mothers lived and died. To do so is to break the historic continuity of our human life and lose the spiritual momentum of the race. Let us keep step with the worshipping host of the past, following in the way our fathers trod,

"In the homeward path to God."

Can memory be cleansed? Assuredly; else for some men there could be no such thing as heaven, no respite from an evil past which beclouds the future. Memory is indeed a terrible nemesis, pursuing the prodigal with scorpion whips, as Macbeth found out to his woe, but there is a way by which it can be unfanged. Here the insight of Dante goes to the very roots of life and finds the secret spring of redeeming hope. As you recall, in the last circle of Purgatory the escaping soul is given a key to Paradise, but there are two rivers of which he must drink before he can enter into the rest. There is the river Lethe—the river of forgetfulness—whose waters cleansed the tormented spirit of those dark, haunting memories which threatened to slay hope; and a second river which brought back the joy of youth and the redeeming grace of old associations. How this can be we know not, we only know that it is true, as many a man can testify. There is a river of divine grace wherein if a man bathe his soul, however loathsome with the leprosy of sin, the past is purified away. Nor will it haunt him any more, save as a vague, sweet saddness, as of

"Old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

One of the searchers of our day reminds us that the savage races in all parts of the earth give evidence that behind their often grotesque and cruel superstitions lie the fragments of an original belief in a God wholly good, wise, and great. Hence the prophecy of the text that all the ends of the earth, even those tribes that seem utterly bereft of vision, shall remember, and turn to the Lord. What a wonderful prophecy, as if at last the redemption of the race is to be a grand reminiscence!

The Church of Tomorrow

I deeply appreciate the many words of commendation from my very dear friend, Mr. Sunderland, in his review of my little book, "The Church of Tomorrow," printed in your issue of June 15. His praise is over-generous. The book has not only many limitations, but also, probably, many blemishes, which might well have invited caustic criticism. But the particular defect which he condemns is not so large and conspicuous, I think, as his words imply. At least, what he charges me as teaching is not my thought. If I give the reader this impression it is because I have stated my own convictions very blunderingly.

Mr. Sunderland finds my book weak on its sociological side, because I insist that the church should stand mainly for *individual* rather than *social* salvation. Let me remind the reader that my discussion, being in the nature of a "correction" of an extreme attempt to secularize the church, so common today, necessarily gives prominence to other elements. It aims to bring into clear view those factors that, unfortunately, are being too much ignored at the present time. It was not necessary for me to emphasize what is being shouted from every housetop. I do feel deeply concerned about that other and greater function of the church, so generally ignored or condemned today by so many who have the ear of the public: the spiritual task of religion. Again, my chief criticism along the line is not against the social ministry of the church *per se*, but first: That it is inexpedient for the church to duplicate agencies already operative in the world at large; second: That much of this "sociological" effort is not in any sense religious work; and third: That it is unwise to try to increase power by simply multiplying machinery.

To show, however, that I do *not* believe that "individual salvation" is in itself the chief aim of the church, and also that I *do* believe in the social ministry of religion, allow me to quote a few specimen sentences from the book itself. On page 22, there is an earnest plea that the church welcome and use the "ever-deepening consciousness of the royalty of service." On page 24, it is urged that the church must "be organ and oracle of the democratic spirit." . . . "It must be the exponent and representative of the social impulse for human betterment." On page 33, it is urged, "Our *co-operation* for holiness is not sufficiently humane and catholic and democratic." Also on the same page: "The function of the church is to send out into the world superior men and women with piety and character *who shall do things*,"—this certainly means more than "individual" salvation! On page 57 is the statement: "The only form of Christianity worth having is 'applied Christianity.'" On page 72, protest is entered against "that unlovely individualism which represents the lower element in Emerson, gone to seed in a self-centered culture that is cold, exclusive, sterile, and repellant." On page 74, this declaration: "So far as we can make the individual recognize his *social obligation*, to that extent we have blessed him and helped his neighbor." On page 193 it is stated: "No criticism should be made against humanitarian works by the defender of the pulpit. *They are just what the pulpit ought to inspire the people to undertake.* And much more to the same effect might be quoted.

Mr. Sunderland well claims: "No man can be saved alone." This is the very point which I did my best to emphasize in the chapter entitled "Religion as a Corporate Life" in my other little book, "The Church of Today." And it is the same plea, very inadequately set forth, I admit, that is made in the last chapter of the present volume, "The Congregation at Work." In closing, allow me to thank Mr. Sunderland most warmly for his many friendly words. This letter is not a reply to him, but only an attempt to set myself right where I have evidently partly failed in "The Church of Tomorrow."

Roslindale, Boston. JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

Wealth From Waste

There was a man out in Nebraska who was so poor that he had ceased to dream of wealth. He was so poor that he felt he could not afford a smile. He had a farm, but the grasshoppers were rapidly eating it up. These grasshoppers had taken matters into their own hands and had given notice to the farmer that he must vacate. Not only were the grasshoppers scouring the plains of everything edible and making crops impossible, but they were also taking possession of the house. He found them in his bed at night and in his pockets in the morning. Once he even found them in the soup. Just on the point of foreclosing in favor of the pests, he had an idea. He bought a large flat pan, put a little kerosene in the back part of it, and let his horse pull it over the infested land. He called it a hopper-dozzer and it did the work, the grasshoppers lay dead upon the fields by the million.

This was only half of his idea. He let the grasshoppers dry, then pressed them into bricks and sold them as feed for hens. Soon he had so many grasshopper bricks that he turned them into real, gold bricks. He became a man with a bank account and a perpetual smile.

Now, what this man out in Nebraska did is just what a good many successful business men have been doing for the last quarter century. The Nebraska farmer took what was waste and made it worth something. Waste is matter in the wrong place. Put it in the right place and its value is immediately recognized.

In days past men made a certain article of commerce and the material that was left over went to the waste pile, and very often what went to the refuse heap was worth more than what they had made. In the year 1873, at the Vienna Exposition, a section was set apart that exhibitors might show what progress they had made in reclaiming waste matter. From that time on, both in this country and abroad, business men have been studying the problem of saving the waste. They have acted so well upon the results of their study that the fortunes have grown, and we have more millionaires, more luxuries, more philanthropies and,—more problems than ever before. See what has been happening in the packing industry. Formerly a steer of 1200 pounds weight yielded perhaps 750 pounds of

dressed beef; the rest was thrown away. But now the horns yield combs and buttons; the horn-pith, glue; the horn-tips, mouthpieces; the knuckles from feet and shanks are made into handles for knives; other bones become substitutes for ivory; the blood gives albumen for calico printing; the hides give leather and the fat yields both soap and glycerine; the hair gives felt, and the tails go into hair mattresses; and it is literally true that today the packing house uses everything but the moo or the squeal.

Other business is equally instructive, for everywhere that business is successful the saving of the waste is practiced. Tin cans are no longer left for goats but are used as trunk corners. Rags are worth about $22,000 a year in this country. Furriers use skunks' tails. They use all of that little black and white animal but the smell, and that lasts some time. The by-products of cotton are worth as much as the cotton itself. Saw-dust, soap-suds and fish scales are all turned into money.

We as a nation have been spendthrifts until the dawn of this century. These last eleven years we have settled down to the gigantic task of putting a stop to the national leakage of resources. President Taft has been sounding the key-note of Roosevelt in his conservation addresses. We are putting a stop to the waste of our forests and our water-power. We are fencing our national pleasure parks so that our beauty spots may be the possession of our own people. Droughts have already wrought havoc and inspired us to save the forests, for cement may provide us with houses, but it will not reclothe the devastated hillsides. Our secretary of the Interior is studying the problem of saving the coal, oil and iron lands.

Uncle Sam is teaching his farmers how to develop the three farms that every husbandman possesses. The farm below the surface soil and the air above, both contain the substances that will reinvest his land with fertility, which will make him new soil and new wealth.

The city of Munich uses five hundred tons of its refuse each day. Shoreditch, England, obtains all her lights from the burning of the waste. Paris has an appreciable revenue from the rats she catches month by month. Cities are beginning to study the facts concerning the waste from the burning of coal. In the development of power, often nine-tenths of the fuel is wasted. Think, too, of the damage to furniture and fabrics in our cities from the burning of soft coal. The bill is so large that it has never been totalled.

The poor people are often the most extravagant. They buy the things they do not need and pay the highest prices for them. The poor need to be educated in the principles of economy and thrift. Charitable work cannot be successfully conducted without the aid of the church. The new charity is more efficient than the old and indiscriminate method of giving and there are still many who remain dependent. Charity is not successful until the waste effort of these poor folks has been saved, until they are made self-supporting. The waste of child life is most pitiable.

We increase most rapidly along the lower levels of society, so that the problem of saving childhood for future citizenship grows tragic in its importance. The children are neglected from the very hour of their birth. Through lack of love and lack of knowledge little children are stunted and maimed for life. If the average man at work represents a $10,000 investment earning 6 per cent, one may with the child mortality statistics quickly reckon the vast economic loss to the nation in its failure to save the children.

It is the duty of each Christian to give largely of his precious time, money and love to save this wealth of new life for tomorrow. Charity is the Christian's individual problem. We may create new institutions, but the problem of saving the less fortunate will not be solved without a larger gift of ourselves. We shall never raise money enough to hire an individual to act as a true friend to every other needy individual. Even though we had the money it would not buy for us in many instances the most effective friendship. The highest service must come from a free, spontaneous offering of an individual. We, Christian folks, could revolutionize the charity work in our town or city. We could wipe out many a little Hell and bring in many a new Heaven, and the way that it is to be done is very simple. Let every well-to-do family take under its care and supervision some less fortunate family. Let them become helpers and advisers. They will find this unfortunate family extravagant, wasteful, shiftless, incompetent, and very often ignorant and dishonest. But with the spirit of the Master, let them cling to these unfortunate folks through their sufferings and their sorrows. Let us in patience lift them out of their degradation and sin,—lift them into a new estate. Then shall the nation begin its greater future with this wealth redeemed from the tenement house and the neglected slums.

The negro problem is closely allied in its solution to the problem of the poor whites. Booker T. Washinton tells of watching a little negro boy with a balky mule. The boy could not budge the obstinate beast. Finally a Doctor drove up, watched the performance for a while and then came to the boy's rescue. The Doctor took a hypodermic syringe from his case and injected a few drops of nitric acid into the mule. The animal started so quickly that he knocked the negro boy over and vanished down the road in a whirl of dust. The little fellow picked himself up, rubbed the dust out of his eyes and said: "Doc, please to squirt some o' dat into me, so's I can ketch up wid dat mule." The negro needs to be inoculated with the white man's thrift and energy, and then he will be saved to the nation's growing citizenship.

There is a new book entitled, "How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day." Many of us have not learned the secret. We waste the stuff eternity is made of, and then sigh that we have not succeeded in our quest. There are 31,558,000 seconds in a year, and each one is precious. The scientist realizes the fact and so splits them in his reckonings. The chronograph, it is said, will measure the millionth part of a second. In a single minute Christ uttered his sublime word of forgiveness from the cross, and it has carried its message of faith and hope ever since. Find the little incidents in the lives of the great ones and you will find a hundred sermons upon the preciousness of time. David Livingstone kept a book on the

jenny when he worked in the mill. Elihu Burritt at the forge conquered several languages, mastering 18 different languages by a judicious use of time. The Bible was first divided into verses by a man riding on horseback between Lyons and Paris. Several of the great books of the world have been written in the intervals of waiting for dinner. Complain no more that you lack time. Use what God has given you.

The Rock Island and the Pennsylvania Railroads have recently started campaigns of economy. They have asked each employee to try and save five cents a day for the road. Most railroads today are conbining for efficiency and tthe lessening of maintenance expense. Shall the Christian church, which has the most and best to give, continue its wasteful methods? Can the church learn nothing from ths new movement of redeeming wealth from waste that is to be found in every other department of human life today? In the church there is unhealthy competition, overlapping, duplication!

Did you ever study the religious conditions in a typical country town? Here is a town of 1,000 people including children. There are six churches,—five Protestant and one Catholic. About half of the population is Catholic, leaving 500 to be divided among the five churches. But a considerable number do not attend any church. The various churches are helped by their Home Missionary organizations, but even then the salaries are so small that digging in the streets would be more lucrative. There is sharp competition among the churches, often bitterness. The women work hard with suppers and fairs to eke out the little income. The music in these churches we had better not talk about. There is some doubt as to whether we ought to use the word at all in this connection. Combine the churches of Protestant faith and we should have one strong church, good music, a minister paid sufficiently to have books and a little travel. We should have a power for civic advance as well as religious uplift. The city churches have accomplished only a fraction of what they should have accomplished, because each church has gone its own way and tried to solve alone the problems that belong to the whole community. In consequence, thousands pass by on the other side, and the church poorly equipped many times fails in its work, the greatest that can be conceived.

The division of Christendom has gone on until today there are 155 sects in this country. If some genuis of the hour, alive to the new spirit of conservation, could somehow lessen the number by 100, the Kingdom of our Lord would advance by leagues. If this waste of Christian effort, this waste of money and time is to be conquered, we must study the religious conditions in this country with practical thoroughness. We must discover the chief points of duplication and overlapping. We must arrange more opportunities for getting together. We are ignorant of each other, though enlisted in the same great cause. With knowledge, new love shall be born, and we shall cry with the poet Whittier:

> "Forgive, O Lord, our severing ways,
> That separate altars that we raise,
> The varying tongues that speak thy praise!"

The time has come for us to emphasize the great fundamentals of religion and to dwell upon our agreements. The children of the Kingdom must be as wise as the children of the World. The Master said, "He that is not against us is for us."

Hear, then, the conclusion of the whole matter. This same Master has gathered the lesson into one well-rounded sentence,—"Gather up the fragments that nothing may be lost."

A. EUGENE BARTLETT.
Pastor of Church of Redeemer, Chicago.

Some Good Books

From Funk & Wagnalls I have the tenth volume of the New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. These volumes are so very broad and liberal as to win the approval of those who do not feel particularly attracted to what is generally called religious knowledge,—that is, a lot of mythical rubbish and historical trash, which put together and believed in is supposed to be very useful after death. This volume deals generously with all sorts of religious evolution. The articles on Christian Science are thorough but kindly. This volume discusses sacrament, Sabbath, Salvation Army, Savonarola; and there is a very thorough discussion of sacred music. Of course, I do not harmonize with some of the material furnished, but we cannot expect a cyclopedia as yet that will dare to discuss all questions from the standpoint of common sense and reason.

Last year I summed up the novels of twelve months as including only one or two books of notable value and promise. Here at the middle of 1911 I have scarcely laid down "The Broad Highway," by Jeffery Furnol, convinced of its true greatness from the point of literary skill and adventure of the Dickens sort, when I pick up "Queed," by Henry S. Harrison, for an hour's pleasure. I have been reading "Queed" for all the leisure time during a full week. There is enough in this book for a dozen really high class novels. The title goes against the book and is unfortunate. Such titles shunt off readers. The book, however, is something far beyond any of our ordinary novels. I cannot review it, for it covers a criticism of every field of study, of social life, of political life and individual character. It must be read to be understood. There are at least six very strong or very beautiful characters in the story, with many more who serve to keep the plot in motion. Each one of the six is a piece of superb artistic work. The narrative covers, naturally, too, all fields of modern life with keen and real criticism, all being wrought in with individual valuations, altough used to note the evolution of "Queed," and his transformation from abstract logic to become a workable social force. While the sarcasm is often intense, the undercurrent is always unspoiled good will to all the world; "On earth good will to men." It is a great book; it is a good book. It is a book that deserves very wide reading by the more intelligent classes. At no point does the keen-sighted author lose himself in a sneer. He truly represents the spirit of that divine evolution which is lifting men from the lower to the higher, and by which we find out the divinity that is in us and in all things. In a slight notice which I previously gave of this book I noted that it was published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston.

E. P. POWELL.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR ..... EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITOR ..... MRS. WILLIAM KENT

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Jane Addams, James A. Blaisdell, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. F. Powell, Granville Ross Pike, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, Eugene G. Updike, Fred Alban Weil, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

HOUSING, HEALTH, AND RECREATION

PAPER READ BEFORE THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTION, BOSTON, 1911.

To select any one phase of the conference and dwell upon that as the significant note would be not only a thankless task, but a useless one. If there was any one thing of especial significance in the conference it was the breadth of interest which characterized all of its meetings. We have got very far away from the old days when each delegate told of all the fine things his city or his particular group of workers was doing in its own circumscribed field. A new emphasis was placed on preventive work, a general desire was evident everywhere to get at causes and deal with them.

Nowhere was this more manifest than in the section on housing, health, and recreation. Although a new section and a somewhat hybrid one, combining as it did three vast subjects, the section presented a broad grasp of these problems and dealt with their relation to social work rather than with minute details of their technical aspects. It was a wide range, from Jane Addams' thoughtful address on "Play as Art" to the delightful demonstration of the rediscovered art of story-telling when Seumas MacManus held 1,500 people spellbound with his fascinatingly interesting folktale of Jack and the King Who was a Gentleman. Of all the meetings, that which stays in the memory is this one, where the whole conference enjoyed its recreation in this novel way.

Jacob A. Riis, who had not spoken at the national conference for many years, brought to it a message of inspiration in his address on "What Bad Housing Means to the Community," and stirred it to its depths with his question, "Who are the Unfit?"

"And now a word to you, my fellow-workers: We dig and toil in the sweat of our brows, and when we see the tares springing up in the fields we sowed, we hear men sometimes speak of the unfit. But who are the unfit? The slouching tramp, who, a spent man at thirty, having been jammed into the industrial treadmill at seven, will work no more, or the man who grew rich from the child's labor? The woman without hope, of no caste—or the employer who underpaid her till she had to choose the street to live? Never have I been able to get that report of the Working Women's Society in New York out of my mind and soul that said: 'Woman's wages have no limit, since the path of shame is always open to her.'

"Who are the unfit? The raw Irishman who gets drunk on his holiday, and yet brings to the treasury in Wall Street his savings of a lifetime, when the black panic is sweeping over the land, saying simply: 'We saved it all up in the forty years we have been here, for our old age, mother and I; but last night she read out of the paper to me that the country was in trouble and needed money, and so I brought it here' —he, or the man who coldly gambles to pile up his wealth in the necessaries of life, and makes living harder for us all? The scrub-woman who, with empty hands and emptier heart, gives her babe to the potter's field and then scrapes and saves through the year, working her fingers to the bone for the pittance that shall ransom her child from the trench and give it a grave of its own; yet not once but three times in the year surrenders it all to 'some one in the tenement who is poorer than she?' Which is the unfit: she, or the woman who gives a Christmas party to her lap-dog, with her sisters and the little ones starving all about in a workless winter? The boy who, bred and raised in the environment which makes all for unrighteousness, trains with the gang and swings from the gallows at nineteen—he, or Hell's Kitchen that bred him, and we, who let it be? Which is the unfit?

"Let God judge. Let it be our task to see to it that at least they shall know better, that Hell's Kitchen shall no longer be let alone, that the environment shall be cleansed of its unrighteousness, so that our brothers shall have a chance. Then, and not until then, can we with a clear conscience leave the rest to him."

Inspiration, guidance, and education, which we were told are the functions of the church, were the dominant note of the conference. All three of these were present in a philosophical address by Joseph Lee, on Play as Medicine, which opened the first meeting of this section. This was given to an audience of 1,000 who packed to the doors the largest hall and many of whom stood up. The effect of Mr. Lee's address was like that of an electric shower bath. One's mind was left tingling with the shock of his brilliant epigrams and stirred by his profound enunciation of principles. With no less interest, a large audience listened to Dr. Richard C. Cabot's address on the Health of Social Workers, and hundreds of social workers thus received advice that will help them over many a weary way in the coming year. At the conclusion of his address the whole audience rose and urged that his paper be sent broadcast to members of the boards of directors of all our charitable and social movements.

Doctor Cabot told us for the first time that social work is a "dangerous trade," to be classed with those involving lead poisoning and similar dangers. He divided social workers' breakdowns into two classes, those from tuberculosis and those from nervous exhaustion, dwelling chiefly on the latter, and cautioned against it, pointing out the peculiar effects of social work on the body, mind, and soul. His pointing out that most kinds of social work never end, and that the social worker is too often trying to "finish up the infinite" was an "eye-opener." Of practical value were Mary E. Richmond's paper on How Social Workers Can Aid Housing Reform, Albion Fellows Bacon's on How to Get Housing Reform, Sherman C. Kingsley's on Home Treatment and Hospital Treatment of Tuberculosis, Dr. Bierhoff's on Venereal Disease, Mrs. William Lowell Putnam's on Pre-natal Care of Infants, W. H. Allen's on Buying Health, and last but not least the four moving-picture demonstrations on the house-fly, pure milk, tuberculosis, and the sane Fourth.—*Lawrence Veiller in the "Survey."*

BOOK RECEIVED

A. C. McCLURG & Co. From Rough Rider to President. By Max Kullnick. Post-Mortem Use of Wealth. By Daniel S. Remsen. Price $1.50.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. A Chinese Appeal Concerning Christian Missions. By Lin Shao-Yang. Price $1.50.

J. P. LIPPINCOTT & Co. She Buildeth Her House.

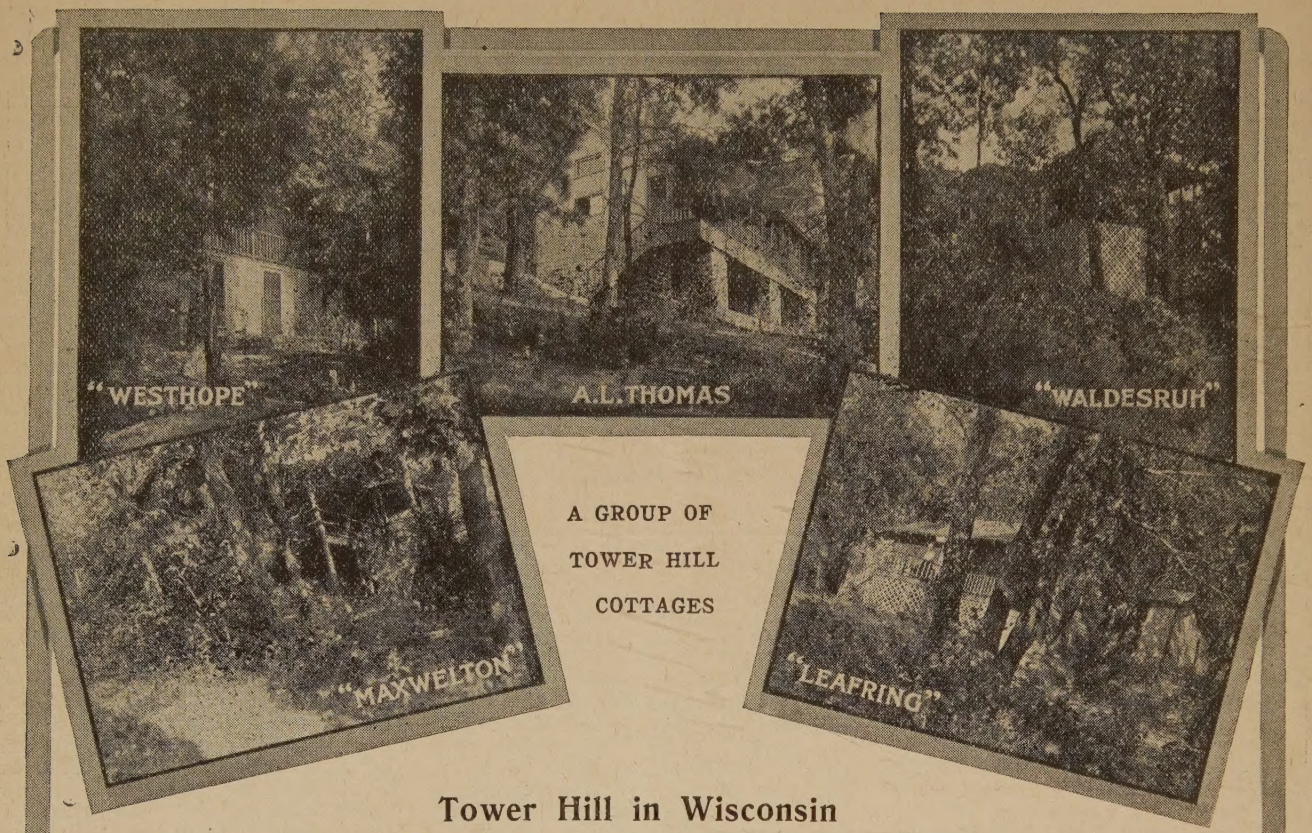
R. F. FENNO. Thoughts on Things Psychic. By Walter Winston Kenilworth.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. Eighteen Years in Uganda and East Africa. By Alfred R. Tucker, Bishop of Uganda. Cats and Cradles from Many Lands. By Kathleen Haddon.

A Chorus of Faith, as heard in the Parliament of Religions. A book of selections giving points of harmony between the representatives of the various religions. Edited by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Cloth $1.25

A Search for an Infidel: Bits of Wayside Gospel—(Second Series) Cloth $1.50

UNITY PUBLISHING CO.
Abraham Lincoln Centre,
Chicago.



A GROUP OF
TOWER HILL
COTTAGES

Tower Hill in Wisconsin

Close to the heart of Nature! A place for congenial companionship and quiet and restful intimacy with high themes. The encampment opens July 1 and continues open until September 20. The life on the hill will be diversified with drives, picnics, social evenings, porch readings, etc., at the pleasure of the guests.

Tower Hill consists of sixty-five acres in the bluff country overlooking the Wisconsin river. It has its own waterworks, ice house and telephone connection. A plentiful garden and adequate dairy in connection with the Jenkin Lloyd Jones farm supply the table.

Tower Hill Summer School

JULY 16—AUGUST 13, 1911

THE HISTORY AND PRACTICE OF RELIGIONS

A Seven Years' Course for the Religious Study Classes and Sunday School of All Souls Church, Chicago, and Tower Hill Summer School

FIRST YEAR

Beginnings: MYTH versus SCIENCE

FOURTH TIME AROUND

1. Introductory.
2. How the World Was Made.
3. The Deluge.
4. How Man Began.
5. The Antiquity of Man.
6. Man's First Home.
7. How Language Began.
8. How Tools Began.
9. How the Arts Began.
10, 11. The Evolution of Dress.
12. Our Poor Relations.
13. The Thought of Sin.
14. The Thought of Death.
15. The Thought of the Soul.
16. The Thought of Heaven and Hell.
17. The Thought of God.
18. The Thought of Sacrifice.
19. How Priests Began: The Ritual.
20. The Temple: Altars.
21. The Growth of Community: How Communities Began.
22. How Laws Began: An Ancient Code.
23. The Ten Commandments, 1st, 2nd, 3rd.
24. The Ten Commandments, 6th.
25. The Ten Commandments, 5th and 7th.
26. The Ten Commandments, 4th: The Institution of Sabbath.
27. The Origin and Growth of Easter.
28. The Origin and Growth of Christmas.
29. The New Commandment of Jesus.
30. A Civic Code: Sources of Wealth.
31. A Civic Code: Poverty, Living Wage.
32. A Civic Code: Rights vs. Duties.

REFERENCES

Kindly suggested by Professor Starr of the University of Chicago, Professor Kelsey of the University of Pennsylvania, and Louis Wallis, Esq.

AMES, Phychology of religious experience; BRINTON, Myths of the New World; BRINTON, Religions of primitive peoples; CLODD, Childhood of the world; CLODD, Story of creation; CLODD, Story of primitive man; CROSSKEY, Method of creation; DE COULANGES, The ancient city; ELLWOOD, Modern social problems; FRAZER, Adonis, Attis, Osiris; GOULD, Beginnings; GROSSE, Beginnings of art; HOBHOUSE, Morals in evolution; KEANE, Ethnology; KEANE, Man, past and present; KELLER, Homeric society; KING, Development of religion; LUBBOCK, Origin of Civilization and primitive condition of man; LYELL, Antiquity of man; MASON, Origin of invention; MASON, Woman's place in primitive culture; POWELL, Our heredity from God; SHALER, Domestication of animals; SMITH, Religion in the making; SMITH, W. Robertson, Religion of the Semites; STARR, Some first steps in human progress; SUMNER, Folk Ways; Tylor, Early history of mankind; TYLOR, Primitive culture, ed. of 1903-4; WALLIS, Examination of society from the standpoint of evolution; WEBB, Heritage of dress; WESTERMARCK, Origin and development of the moral idea; WHITE, History of the warfare of science with theology; WHITNEY, Life and growth of language.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS,

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Tower Hill, Wisconsin

KENWOOD FLORAL Co.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
'Phone Oakland 78. 192 E. 47th Street
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers

PRINTING
We solicit the patronage of all those requiring First-Class Printing and Engraving at reasonable prices : : : :
Oakland Printing House 161 East 39th Street Phone Doug. 4805

CREAMERIES:
Beecher, Ill.
Orland, Ill.
Goodings, Grove, Ill.
Dowd Pure Milk Co.
4326-34 WABASH AVE.
Phone Oakland 474
Milk and Cream of the highest grade bottled in the Country.
OUR MOTTO: Purity, Cleanliness and Efficient Delivery.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards
1047 W. Thirty-Fifth St. - CHICAGO

DRUGS COMPLETE STOCK BEST QUALITY
C. R. WALGREEN & CO.
Successors to W. G. Valentine
3900 Cottage Grove Ave.

HAND SAPOLIO
FOR TOILET AND BATH
Delicate enough for the softest skin, and yet efficacious in removing any stain. Keeps the skin in perfect condition. In the bath gives all the desirable after-effects of a Turkish bath. It should be on every wash-stand.
ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

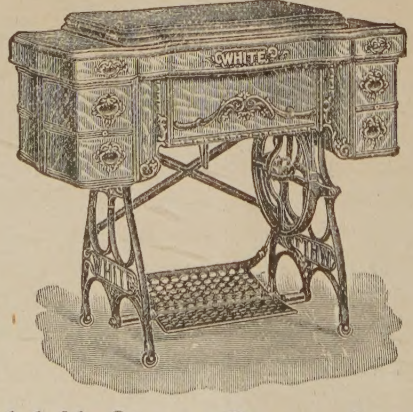
Love and Loyalty. Sermons preached to the Confirmation Classes of Abraham Lincoln Centre. Cloth. Net 1.50
The Selfishness of Grief..... .10
Death as a Friend ..... .10
UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

The DREXEL LAUNDRY
3909 Langley Avenue, Chicago
TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 642
BEST POSSIBLE LAUNDRY SERVICE

Bowman Dairy Company
Milk bottled in the country
Milk · Cream · Butter · Buttermilk
Do our wagons serve you?
Why not have the best?
4221-4229 State Street
Telephones at all division offices.
Evanston -- Chicago -- Oak Park

WANZER'S GERM—NO MILK
COSTS YOU NO MORE, but we spare no expense to have it delivered to you PURE
In the Milking, Bottling, and the feeding of Cows, we are particular. You get Rich, PURE MILK, in a thoroughly sterilized bottle.
SIDNEY WANZER & SONS
19 - 21 E. 30th St. Phones, Douglas 817
and
6313-6315 Kimbark Ave Hyde Park 207

Our No. 35
Rolled Edge Automatic Lift White



A handsome, finely finished machine, furnished with Rolled Edge Renaissance design woodwork, in quarter-sawed golden oak, fitted with automatic lift, nickel plated hand-wheel, beautiful hanging center panel, three drawers at each end of table, ball-bearings, and a complete set of the latest style steel attachments.

Repairs and Parts for All Machines.

Machines Taken in Exchange.

White Sewing Machine Co.
GEO. E. CAUGHEY, Manager.
TELEPHONE CENTRAL 480. 105 Wabash Avenue, Chicago